BLACK IS WHITE

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SYNOPSIS.

—6—

In the New York home of James Brood, Dawes and Riggs, his two old pensioners and comrades, await the coming of Brood's son, Frederic, to learn the contents of a wireless from Brood, but Frederic, after reading, throws it into the fire and leaves the room without a word. Frederic tells Lydia Desmond, his fiancee, that the message announces his father's marriage, and orders the house prepared for an immediate home-coming. Mrs. Desmond, the housekeeper and Lydia's mother, tries to cool Frederic's temper at the impending changes. Brood and his bride arrives. She wins Frederic's liking at first meeting. Brood shows dislike and veiled hostility to his son. Lydia and Mrs. Brood meet in the jade room, where Lydia works as Brood's secretary. The room, dominated by a great gold Buddha, is furnished in oriental magnificence. Mrs. Brood, after a talk with Lydia, which leaves the latter puzzled, is startled by the appearance of Ranjab, Brood's Hindu servant. Mrs. Brood makes changes in the household and gains her husband's consent to send Mrs. Desmond and Lydia away. She tries to fathom the mystery of Brood's separation from his first wife, and his dislike of his son, but fails. Mrs. Brood fascinates Frederic. She begins to fear Ranjab in his uncanny appearances and disappearances, and Frederic, remembering his father's East Indian stories and firm belief in magic, fears unknown evil. Ranjab performs feats of magic for Dawes and Riggs. Frederic's father, jealous, unjustly orders his son from the dinner table as drunk. Yvonne follows Frederic to the jade-room and influences him to apologize to his father and the guests for his alleged lapse. Brood tells the story of Ranjab's life to his guests. "He killed a woman" who was unfaithful to him. Yvonne plays with Frederic's infatuation for her. Her husband warns her that the thing must not go on.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"It sounds rather ominous."

"If he waits long enough you may discover that you love him and his going would give you infinite pain. Then is the time for him to go."

"Good heavens!" he cried, in astonishment. "What a remarkable notion of the fitness—"

"That will be his chance to repay you for all that you have done for him, James," said she, as calm as a May morning.

"By jove, you are a puzzle to me!" he exclaimed, and a fine moisture came out on his forehead.

"Let the boy alone, James," she went on earnestly. "He is—"

"See here, Yvonne," he broke in sternly, "that is a matter we can't discuss. You do not understand, and I cannot explain certain things to you. I came here just now to ask you to be fair to him, even though I may not appear to be. You are—"

"That is also a matter we cannot discuss," said she calmly.

"But it is a thing we are going to discuss, just the same," said he. "Sit down, my dear, and listen to what I have to say. Sit down!"

For a moment she faced him defiantly. He was no longer angry, and therein lay the strength that opposed her. She could have held her own with him if he had maintained the angry attitude that marked the beginning of their interview. As it was, her eyes fell after a brief struggle against the dominant power in his, and she obeyed, but not without a significant tribute to his superiority in the shape of an indignant shrug.

He took one of her hands in his, and stroked it gently, even patiently. "I will come straight to the point. Frederic is falling in love with you. Wait! I do not blame him. He cannot help himself. No more could I, for that matter, and he has youth, which is a spur that I have lost. I have watched him, Yvonne. He is—to put it cold-bloodedly—losing his head. Leaving me out of the question altogether if you choose, do you think you are quite fair to him? I am not disturbed on your account or my own, but—well, can't you see what a cruel position we are likely to find ourselves—"

"Just a moment, James," she interrupted, sitting up very straight in the chair and meeting his gaze steadfastly. "Will you spare me the conjectures and come straight to the point, as you have said."

He turned a shade paler. "Well," he began deliberately, "it comes to this, my dear: One or the other of you will have to leave my house if this thing goes on."

She shot a glance of incredulity at his set face. Her body became rigid.

"You would serve me as you served his real mother, more than twenty years ago?"

"The cases are not parallel," said he, wincing.

"You drove her out of your house, James."

"I have said that we cannot discuss—"

"But I choose to discuss it," she said firmly. "The truth, please. You drove her out?"

"She made her bed, Yvonne," said he huskily.

"Did she leave you cheerfully, gladly, as I would go if I loved another, or did she plead with you—oh, I know it hurts! Did she plead with you to give her a chance to explain? Did she?"

"She was on her knees to me," he grated, the veins standing out on his temples.

Yvonne arose. She stood over him like an accusing angel.

"And to this day, James Brood—to this very hour, you are not certain that you did right in casting her off!"

"I tell you, I was certain—I was sure of—"

"Then why do you still love her?"

"Are you mad?" he gasped. "Good God, woman, how can you ask that question of me, knowing that I love you with all my heart and soul? How—"

"With all your heart, yes! But with your soul? No! That other woman has your soul. I have heard your soul speak and it speaks of her—yes, to her! Night after night, in your sleep, James Brood, you have cried out to 'Matilde.' You have sobbed out your love for her, as you have been doing for twenty years or more. In your sleep, your soul has been with her. With me at your side, you have cried to 'Matilde!' You have passed your hand over my face and murmured 'Matilde!' Not once have you uttered the word 'Yvonne!' And now, you come to me and say: 'We will come straight to the point!' Well, now you may come straight to the point. But do not forget, in blaming me, that you love another woman!"

He was petrified. Not a drop of blood remained in his face.

"It is some horrible, ghastly delusion. It cannot be true. Her name has not passed my lips in twenty years. It is not mentioned in my presence. I have not uttered that woman's name—"

"Then how should I know her name? Her own son does not know it, I firmly believe. No one appears to know it except the man who says he despises it."

"Dreams! Dreams!" he cried scornfully. "Shall I be held responsible for the unthinkable things that happen in dreams?"

"No," she replied significantly; "you should not be held accountable. She must be held accountable. You drove out her body, James, but not her spirit. It stands beside you every instant of the day and night. By day you do not see her, by night—ah, you tremble! Well, she is dead, they say. If she were still alive, I myself might tremble, and with cause."

"Before God, I love you, Yvonne. I implore you to think nothing of my maunderings in my sleep. They—they may come from a disordered brain. God knows, there was a time when I felt that I was mad, raving mad. These dreams are—"

To his surprise, she laid her hand gently on his arm.

"I pity you sometimes, James. My heart aches for you. You are a man—a strong, brave man, and yet you shrink and cringe when a voice whis-

Of the Three, Lydia Alone Faced the Situation With Courage.

pers to you in the night. You sleep with your doubts awake. I am Matilde, not Yvonne, to you. I am the flesh on which that starved love of yours feeds; I represent the memory of all that you have lost."

"This is—madness!" he exclaimed, and it was not only wonder that filled his eyes. There was a strange fear in them too.

"I am quite myself, James," she said coolly. "Can you deny that you think of her when you hold me in your arms; can you—"

"Yes!" he almost shouted. "I can and do deny!"

"Then you are lying to yourself, my husband," she said quietly. He fairly gasped.

"Good God, what manner of woman are you?" he cried hoarsely. "A sorceress? A—but no, it is not true!"

She smiled. "All women are sorceresses. They feel. Men only think. Poor Frederic! You try to hate him, James, but I have watched you when you were not aware. You search his face intently, almost in agony—for what? For the look that was his mother's—for the expression you loved in—"

He burst out violently. "No! By heaven, you are wrong there, my sorceress! I am not looking for Matilde in Frederic's face."

"For his father, then?" she inquired slowly.

The perspiration stood out on his brow. He made no response. His lips were compressed.

"You have uttered her name at last," she said wonderingly, after a long wait.

Brood started. "I—I—Oh, this is torture!"

"We must mend our ways, James. It may please you to know that I shall overlook your mental faithlessness to me. You may go on loving Matilde. She is dead. I am alive. I have the better of her, there, al—e? The day will come when she is dead in every sense of the word. In the meantime, I am content to enjoy life. Frederic is quite safe with me, James; safer than he is with you. And now let us have peace. Will you ring for tea?"

He sat down abruptly, staring at her with heavy eyes. She waited for a moment, and then crossed over to pull the old-fashioned bell-cord.

"We will ask Lydia and Frederic to join us, too," she said. "It shall be a family party, the five of us."

"Five?" he muttered.

"Yes," she said, without a smile. "Are you forgetting Matilde?"

CHAPTER X.

Of a Music-Master.

A month passed. Yvonne held the destiny of three persons in her hand. They were like figures on a chess board and she moved them with the sureness, the unerring instinct of any skilled disciple of the philosopher's game. They were puppets; she ranged them about her stage in swift-changing pictures and applauded her own effectiveness. There were no rehearsals. The play was going on all the time, whether tragedy, comedy or —chess.

Of the three, Lydia alone faced the situation with courage. She was young, she was good, she was inexperienced, but she saw what was going on beneath the surface with a clarity of vision that would have surprised an older and more practiced person; and, seeing, was favored with the strength to endure pain that otherwise would have been unsupportable. She knew that Frederic was infatuated. She did not try to hide the truth from herself. The boy she loved was slipping away from her and only chance could set his feet back in the old path from which he blindly strayed. Her woman's heart told her that it was not love he felt for Yvonne. The strange mentor that guides her sex out of the ignorance of youth into an understanding of hitherto unpresented questions revealed to her the nature of his feeling for this woman. He would come back to her in time she knew, chastened; the same instinct that revealed his frailties to her also defended his sense of honor. The unthinkable could never happen!

She judged Yvonne too in a spirit of fairness that was amazing when one considers the lack of perspective that must have been hers to contend with. Lydia could not think of her as evil, unmoral, base. This beautiful, warm-hearted, clear-eyed woman suggested nothing of the kind to her. It pleased her to play with the good-looking young fellow, and she made no pretense of secrecy about it. Lydia was charitable to the extent of blaming her only for an utter lack of conscience in allowing the perfectly obvious to happen so far as he was concerned. For her own gratification she was calmly inviting a tragedy which was likely to crush him without even so much as disturbing her peace of mind for an instant, after all was said and done. There was poison in the cup she handed out to him, and knowing this beyond dispute she allowed him to drink while she looked on and smiled. Lydia hated her for the pain she was storing up for Frederic, far more than she hated her for the anguish she, herself, was made to endure.

Her mother saw the suffering in the girl's eyes, but saw also the proud spirit that would have resented sympathy from one even so close as she. Down in the heart of that quiet reserved mother smoldered a hatred for Yvonne Brood that would have stopped at nothing had it been in her power to inflict punishment for the wrong that was being done. She too saw tragedy ahead, but her vision was broader than Lydia's. It included the figure of James Brood.

Lydia worked steadily, almost doggedly at the task she had undertaken to complete for the elder Brood. Every afternoon found her seated at the table in the study, opposite the stern-faced man who labored with her over the seemingly endless story of his life. Something told her that there were secret chapters which she was not to write. She wrote those that were to endure; the others were to die with him.

He watched her as she wrote, and his eyes were often hard. He saw the growing haggardness in her gentle, girlish face; the wistful, puzzled expression in her dark eyes. A note of tenderness crept into his voice and remained there through all the hours they spent together. The old-time brusqueness disappeared from his speech; the sharp authoritative tone was gone. He watched her with pity in his heart, for he knew it was ordained that one day he too was to hurt this loyal pure-hearted creature even as the others were wounding her now.

He frequently went out of his way to perform quaint little acts of courtesy and kindness that would have surprised him only a short time before. He sent theater and opera tickets to Lydia and her mother. He placed bouquets of flowers at the girl's end of the table, obviously for her alone. He sent her home—just around the corner —in the automobile on rainy or blizzardy days. But he never allowed her an instant's rest when it came to the work in hand, and therein lay the gentle shrewdness of the man. She was better off busy. There were times when he studied the face of Lydia's mother for signs that might show how her thoughts ran in relation to the conditions that were confronting all of them. But more often he searched the features of the boy who called him father.

Always, always there was music in the house. Behind the closed doors of the distant study, James Brood listened in spite of himself to the persistent thrumming of the piano downstairs. Always were the airs light and seductive; the dreamy, plaintive compositions of Strauss, Ziehrer and others of their kind and place. Frederic, with uncanny fidelity to the preferences of the mother he had never seen but whose influence directed him, affected the same general class of music that had appealed to her moods and temperament. Times there were, and often, when he played the very airs that she had loved, and then, despite his profound antipathy, James Brood's thoughts leaped back a quarter of a century and fixed themselves on love-scenes and love-times that would not be denied.

And again there were the wild, riotous airs that she had played with Feverelli, her soft-eyed music master! Accursed airs—accursed and accusing!

He gave orders that these airs were not to be played, but failed to make his command convincing for the reason that he could not bring himself to the point of explaining why they were distasteful to him. When Frederic thoughtlessly whistled or hummed fragments of those proscribed airs, he considered himself justified in commanding him to stop on the pretext that they were disturbing, but he could not use the same excuse for checking the song on the lips of his gay and impulsive wife. Sometimes he wondered why she persisted when she knew that he was annoyed. Her airy little apologies for her forgetfulness were of no consequence, for within the hour her memory was almost sure to be at fault again.

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"Is there anything wrong with my hair, Mr. Brood?" asked Lydia, with a nervous little laugh.

They were in the study and it was ten o'clock of a wet night in April. Of late, he had required her to spend the evenings with him in a strenuous effort to complete the final chapters of the journal. He had declared his intention to go abroad with his wife as soon as the manuscript was completed. Lydia's willingness to devote the extra hours to his enterprise would have pleased him vastly if he had not been afflicted by the same sense of unrest and uneasiness that made incessant labor a boon to her as well as to him.

Her query followed a long period of silence on his part. He had been suggesting alterations in her notes as she read them to him, and there were frequent lulls when she made the changes as directed. Without looking at him, she felt rather than knew that he was regarding her fixedly from his position opposite. The scrutiny was disturbing to her.

Brood started guiltily. "Your hair?" he exclaimed. "Oh, I see. You women always feel that something is wrong with it. I was thinking of something else, however. Forgive my stupidity. We can't afford to waste time in thinking, you know, and I am a pretty bad offender. It's nearly half-past ten. We've been hard at it since eight o'clock. Time to knock off. I will walk around to your apartment with you, my dear. It looks like an all-night rain."

He went up to the window and pulled the curtains aside. Her eyes followed him.

He was staring down into the court, his fingers grasping the curtains in a rigid grip. He did not reply. There was a light in the windows opening out upon Yvonne's balcony.

"I fancy Frederic has come in from the concert," he said slowly. "He will take you home, Lydia. You'd like that better, eh?"

He turned toward her and she paused in the nervous collecting of her papers. His eyes were as hard as steel, his lips were set.

"Please don't ask Frederic to—" she began hurriedly.

"They must have left early," he muttered, glancing at his watch. Returning to the table he struck the big, melodious gong a couple of sharp blows. For the first time in her recollection, it sounded a jangling, discordant note, as of impatience. Ranjab appeared in the doorway. "Have Mrs. Brood and Mr. Frederic returned, Ranjab?"

"Yes, sahib. At ten o'clock."

"If Mr. Frederic is in his room send him to me."

"He is not in his room, sahib."

The two, master and man, looked at each other steadily for a moment. Something passed between them.

"Tell him that Miss Desmond is ready to go home."

"Yes, sahib." The curtain fell.

"I prefer to go home alone, Mr. Brood," said Lydia, her eyes flashing. "Why did you send—"

"And why not?" he demanded harshly. She winced and he was at once sorry. "Forgive me. I am tired and —a bit nervous. And you too are tired. You've been working too steadily at this miserable job, my dear child. Thank heaven, it will soon be over. Pray sit down. Frederic will soon be here."

"I am not tired," she protested stubbornly. "I love the work. You don't know how proud I shall be when it comes out and—and I realize that I helped in its making. No one has ever been in a position to tell the story of Thibet as you have told it, Mr. Brood. Those chapters will make history. I—"

"Your poor father's share in those explorations is what really makes the work valuable, my dear. Without his notes and letters I should have been feeble indeed." He looked at his watch. "They were at the concert, you know—the Hungarian orchestra. A recent importation. Tziganes music. Gypsies." His sentences as well as his thoughts were staccato, disconnected.

Lydia turned very cold. She dreaded the scene that now seemed unavoidable. Frederic would come in response to his father's command, and then—

Someone began to play upon the piano downstairs. She knew and he knew that it was Frederic who played. For a long time they listened. The air, no doubt, was one he had heard during the evening, a soft sensuous waltz that she had never heard before. The girl's eyes were upon Brood's face. It was like a graven image.

"God!" fell from his stiff lips. Suddenly he turned upon the girl. "Do you know what he is playing?"

"No," she said, scarcely above a whisper.

"It was played in this house by its composer before Frederic was born. It was played here on the night of his birth, as it had been played many times before. It was written by a man named Feverelli. Have you heard of him?"

"Never," she murmured, and shrank, frightened by the deathlike pallor in the man's face, by the strange calm in

Confronted the Serene Image of Buddha.

his voice. The gates were being opened at last! She saw the thing that was to stalk forth. She would have closed her ears against the revelations it carried. "Mother will be worried if I am not at home—"

"Guido Feverelli. An Italian born in Hungary. Budapest, that was his home, but he professed to be a gypsy. Yes, he wrote the devilish tune. He played it a thousand times in that room down—and now Frederic plays it, after all these years. It is his heritage. God, how I hate the thing! Ranjab! Where is the fellow? He must stop the accursed thing. He—"

"Mr. Brood! Mr. Brood!" cried Lydia, appalled. She began to edge toward the door.

By a mighty effort, Brood regained control of himself. He sank into a chair, motioning for her to remain. The music had ceased abruptly.

"He will be here in a moment," said Brood. "Don't go."

Suddenly he arose and confronted the serene image of the Buddha. For a full minute he stood there with his hands clasped, his lips moving as if in prayer. No sound came from them.

The girl remained transfixed, powerless to move. Not until he turned toward her and spoke was the spell broken. Then she came quickly to his side. He had pronounced her name.

"You are about to tell me something, Mr. Brood," she cried in great agitation. "I do not care to listen. I feel that it is something I should not know. Please let me go now. I—"

He laid his hands upon her shoulders, holding her off at arm's length.

"I am very fond of you, Lydia. I do not want to hurt you. Sooner would I have my tongue cut out than it should wound you by a single word. And yet I must speak. You love Frederic. Is not that true?"

She returned his gaze unwaveringly. Her face was very white.

"Yes, Mr. Brood."

"It is better that we should talk it over. We have ten minutes. No doubt he has told you that he loves you. He is a lovable boy, he is the kind one must love. But it is not in his power to love nobly. He loves lightly as—" he hesitated, and then went on harshly —"as his father before him loved."

Anger dulled her understanding; she did not grasp the full meaning of his declaration. Her honest heart rose to the defense of Frederic.

"Mr. Brood, I do care for Frederic," she flamed, standing very erect before him. "He loves me. I know he does. You have no right to say that he loves lightly, ignobly. You do not know him as I know him. You have never tried to know him, never wanted to know him. You—Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Brood. I—I am forgetting myself."

"I am afraid you do not understand yourself, Lydia," said he levelly. "You are young, you are trusting. Your lesson will cost you a great deal, my dear."

"You are mistaken. I do understand myself," she said gravely. "May I speak plainly, Mr. Brood?"

"Certainly. I intend to speak plainly to you."

"Frederic loves me. He does not love Yvonne. He is fascinated, as I also am fascinated by her, and you too, Mr. Brood. The spell has fallen over all of us. Let me go on, please. You say that Frederic loves like his father before him. That is true. He loves but one woman. You love but one woman, and she is dead. You will always love her. Frederic is like you. He loves Yvonne as you do—oh, I know it hurts! She cast her spell over you, why not over him? Is he stronger than you? Is it strange that she should attract him as she attracted you? You glory in her beauty, her charm, her perfect loveliness, and yet you love—yes love, Mr. Brood—the woman who was Fredeic's mother. Do I make my meaning plain? Well, so it is that Frederic loves me. I am content to wait. I know he loves me."

Through all this, Brood stared at her in sheer astonishment. He had no feeling of anger, no resentment, no thought of protest.

"You—you astound me, Lydia. Is this your own impression or has it been suggested to you by—by another?"

"I am only agreeing with you when you say that he loves as his father loved before him—but not lightly. Ah, not lightly, Mr. Brood."

"You don't know what you are saying," he muttered.

"Oh, yes, I do," she cried earnestly. "You invite my opinion; I trust you will accept it for what it is worth. Before you utter another word against Frederic, let me remind you that I have known both of you for a long, long time. In all the years I have been in this house, I have never known you to grant him a tender, loving word. My heart has ached for him. There have been times when I almost hated you. He feels your neglect, your harshness, your—your cruelty. He—"

"Cruelty!"

"It is nothing less. You do not like him. I cannot understand why you should treat him as you do. He shrinks from you. Is it right, Mr. Brood, that a son should shrink from his father as a dog cringes at the voice of an unkind master? I might be able to understand your attitude toward him if your unkindness was of recent origin, but—"

"Recent origin?" he demanded quickly.

"If it had begun with the advent of Mrs. Brood," she explained frankly, undismayed by his scowl. "I do not understand all that has gone before. Is it surprising, Mr. Brood, that your son finds it difficult to love you? Do you deserve—"

Brood stopped her with a gesture of his hand.

"The time has come for frankness on my part. You set me an example, Lydia. You have the courage of your father. For months I have had it in my mind to tell you the truth about Frederic, but my courage has always failed me. Perhaps I use the wrong word. It may be something very unlike cowardice that has held me back. I am going to put a direct question to you first of all, and I ask you to answer truthfully. Would you say that Frederic is like—that is, resembles his father?" He was leaning forward, his manner intense.

Lydia was surprised. "What an odd thing to say! Of course he resembles his father. I have never seen a portrait of his mother, but—"

"You mean that he looks like me?" demanded Brood.

"When he is angry he is very much like you, Mr. Brood. I have often wondered why he is unlike you at other times. Now I know. He is like his mother. She must have been lovely, gentle, patient—"

"Wait! Suppose I were to tell you that Frederic is not my son."

"I should not believe you, Mr. Brood," she replied flatly. "What is it that you are trying to say to me?"

"Will you understand if I say to you that—Frederic is not my son?"

Her eyes filled with horror. "How can you say such a thing, Mr. Brood? He is your son. How can you say—"

"His father was the man who wrote the accursed waltz he has just been playing! Could there be anything more devilish than the conviction it carries? After all these years, he—"

"Stop, Mr. Brood!"

"I am sorry if I hurt you, Lydia. You have asked me why I hate him. Need I say anything more?"

"I do not believe all that you have told me. He is your son. He is, Mr. Brood."

"I would to God I could believe that," he cried, in a voice of agony. "I would to God it were true."

"You could believe it if you chose to believe your own eyes, your own heart." She lowered her voice to a half-whisper. "Does—does Frederic know? Does he know that his mother —Oh, I can't believe it!"

"He does not know."

"And you did drive her out of this house?" Brood did not answer. "You sent her away and—and kept her boy, the boy who was nothing to you? Nothing!"

"I kept him," he said, with a queer smile on his lips.

"All these years? He never knew his mother?"

"He has never heard her name spoken."

"And she?"

"I only know that she is dead. She never saw him after—after that day."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DRIVEN TO THE LAST DITCH

Just One More Visitor and Mrs. Minkler Would Have Served Her "Pie-Pudding."

"That's the third time," observed Mrs. Millsap, who was visiting country relatives, "that I've heard reference made to 'Mrs. Minkler's pie-pudding,' and it usually brings out a laugh. If there's any joke about it, I'd like to hear it."

"Well, I'll tell you the story," said one of the cousins. "Mrs. Minkler told it herself, so it won't do any harm to pass it on. Perhaps you've observed that we speak of the pie-pudding when we have to divide up something into unusually small portions; and possibly, since you are not acquainted with Mrs. Minkler, the joke may not strike you just as it did us. But here it is:

"Mrs. Minkler does the cooking for her family of four, and as she isn't in love with the science of cookery, it's very little in the way of extras the family gets. Mrs. Minkler says she considers 'apple sass and molasses' a good enough dessert for anyone.

"Well, one day, for a special treat, she baked a pie for dinner, allowing a quarter apiece for each member of the family. But while she was preparing dinner her sister-in-law looked into the kitchen and announced that two cousins had come over from Rushville to spend the day.

"'Shucks!' said Mrs. Minkler. 'Now I'll have to cut the pie into six pieces.'

"A half hour later, two neighbors, Judge and Mrs. Peters called, and Mr. Minkler asked them to stay for dinner, to which they agreed.

"'Mercy sakes!' grumbled Mrs. Minkler. 'Now I'll have to cut the pie into eight pieces.'

"Just as dinner was being dished up, who should drop in but an old bachelor friend of the family from the other side of town, and he also accepted an invitation to take dinner.

"'Amanda Jane,' declared the exasperated Mrs. Minkler to her sister-in-law, 'I'll make out to cut that pesky pie into nine pieces, but I tell you now it won't stand any more cutting than that. If a single other person comes here to dinner today, I'll squash the pie up, dish it round with sass on it, and call it a pudding.'"—Youth's Companion.

The Dardanelles.

The Dardanelles takes its name from Dardanus, who was supposed to have founded the lost city of that name near that other and far more famous lost city, ancient Troy. It is from one to five miles wide, the most romantic part of the passage being only a mile wide between Sestos in Europe and Abydos in Asia, where "Leander swam the Hellespont his Hero for to see," at the time of the largely mythical war of the Greeks and Trojans so celebrated by Homer. The feat of Leander had for long years been pronounced impossible, but Lord Byron, rhyming voluminously of all this region of song, in 1810, swam the Hellespont, club-footed as he was, from Sestos to Abydos.

And many a slow man is fast—asleep.

The best protection for a woman is the fact that she is a good woman.